

Beneath the Mask

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Beneath the Mask

by [OfDeictic](#)

Summary

When the United Healthcare CEO assassin invades your home, you find yourself trapped between fear and an unexpected attraction. As he holds you at gunpoint, his chilling presence is matched only by his unsettling charm. With each passing moment, the lines between danger and desire blur, leaving you to question why he's there—and what it means for both your life and your heart.

Notes

I threw this together quickly, apologies for any mistakes! No Beta, we die like Brian Thompson ;)

Walking home that day had been unremarkable, a routine trek through the familiar streets. Nothing out of the ordinary. Once inside, you set your bag and keys on the kitchen counter with a weary sigh.

Life on the outskirts of the city was quiet, a refuge from the chaos you tried to avoid. Yet, tonight, the stillness felt heavier, as if the world had leaned just a little closer.

Work had drained you, the day's grind a stark reminder of mounting financial pressures. Alone but for your cat, you often questioned if any of it was worth the effort.

As you stepped into the living room, something felt... wrong. A shift in the air. Your eyes darted around, catching subtle clues: objects out of place, an unfamiliar presence.

Before you could process it, a shadow detached itself from the corner of the room. Panic seized you as a cold, unyielding barrel pressed against the back of your head.

"Don't move," a voice commanded, slicing through the silence like a blade.

Your breath hitched, your body frozen. Who could possibly want to break into your home? You thought of your belongings—nothing worth stealing.

Trembling, you raised your hands in surrender. Shallow, rapid breaths betrayed your fear.

"I'm going to lower my weapon," the voice continued, calm but menacing.

"If you stay quiet and do exactly as I say. Got it?"

A small, jerky nod was all you managed.

"Answer me," he snapped, his tone sharp and unyielding.

"Yes," you whispered hoarsely.

The pressure of the gun eased, though relief was fleeting. Your knees threatened to buckle as he stepped into view.

He moved with casual authority, sinking onto your couch as if he owned it. You remained rooted to the spot, unable to tear your gaze away.

Disheveled dark hair fell over his eyes, and a mask concealed the lower half of his face. Those eyes, though—sharp, brown, and merciless—pierced through you.

"Sit down."

The command was firm, and the slight motion of the gun was enough to push you into compliance. Your legs felt like lead as you stumbled to the couch, the weight of his presence pressing down on your every move.

The man dropped a grey backpack onto the floor with a dull thud, then casually picked up your television remote. Without a word, he turned on the news.

You froze, watching in silent horror as your cat, blissfully unaware of the danger, approached him with a soft mewl. His hand moved slowly, almost gently, to scratch behind her ears. The juxtaposition of his tenderness and the weight of his presence sent a shiver down your spine.

Your gaze darted to the television. A grim news report played: a prominent CEO had been murdered in the heart of the city.

Your stomach churned as the screen displayed a photo of the suspected killer.

It was him. The man sitting in your living room.

“I wouldn’t think about doing anything stupid,” he said abruptly, his voice cold and edged with authority.

Panic clawed at your throat, and you opened your mouth to scream, to do something—anything. But before a sound could escape, he moved.

Faster than you thought humanly possible, his hand clamped over your mouth, his other hand knocking your phone to the floor with a swift, calculated motion.

His grip was iron, his gaze as sharp as a blade. “I told you not to do anything stupid,” he growled, his voice low and menacing.

Tears blurred your vision as panic coursed through your veins. Who was this man? Why was he here?

“I’ll remove my hand if you promise to behave. Understand?”

Your only response was a shaky nod, fear rendering you mute.

For a moment, his eyes lingered on you, exhaustion etched into their depths. Then, as if the room weren’t steeped in tension, he returned his attention to the television.

You barely registered the muffled voices from the screen. He chuckled softly at something, the sound unsettlingly casual. Then, just as abruptly, he turned the television off and faced you once more.

Tilting his head slightly, he studied you with a quiet intensity.

“Are you afraid?”

You swallowed hard, the words catching in your throat. His gaze bore into you, unrelenting, as he raised the gun again.

“Answer me when I speak to you,” he demanded, his voice sharp and commanding.

Taking a shaky breath, you forced the word out.

“Yes.”

His weapon lowered slowly, but his eyes—crinkling slightly at the corners—betrayed an unsettling amusement. The faint hint of a smile, hidden beneath his mask, sent a chill through you.

And yet, despite the fear coursing through you, an unwelcome thought crept in: there was something magnetic about him, something that stirred a dangerous attraction.

“You shouldn’t be afraid,” he said, his tone almost casual. “You’re not on my list.”

Relief washed over you in a dizzying wave. He wasn’t here for you.

“Why are you in my house?” you asked hesitantly, your voice barely above a whisper. The tremor in your words betrayed your effort to tread carefully.

He shrugged, the gesture maddeningly nonchalant. “I’m just here for the night, sweetheart. Don’t get used to me.”

The playful wink he threw your way clashed starkly with the weapon still in his hand, and for a moment, you wondered if you’d imagined it.

Was he flirting with you?

Heat surged to your cheeks at the absurdity of the thought, your neck flushing involuntarily.

He noticed. His eyes flickered with intrigue, studying your reaction with unsettling precision.

“You’re beautiful when you’re flustered,” he murmured, his voice taking on a softer, smoother edge. The cold calculation from before was gone, replaced with a tone that was almost... teasing.

You looked away, too embarrassed to have any response. Your thoughts were broken through as he slid close to you on the couch.

He raised his hand up, moving your hair behind your ear as his eyes never left you.

“Care to share your thoughts?” his voice was a whisper, teasing.

You moved your gaze back to him, looking into his sharp brown eyes. You took in the way they glistened in the light, how you wished you knew what lay underneath that damned mask.

Your voice trembled at his close proximity, a sick and twisted arousal igniting within you at your intrusive thoughts.

“I’m wondering what you look like without that mask on,” you whispered.

His eyes crinkled in a smile, his laugh low and seductive.

“Would you like me to take it off?” he asked you, almost daring you to say yes.

Your heart raced with a mix of curiosity and a warning to yourself to back away.

"You wouldn't..." you murmured, your voice so soft you weren't even sure you had spoken.

The man's eyes crinkled with a smirk.

"You're right. Be a doll and do it for me, sweetheart," he said, his voice soft but carrying a sharp, commanding edge.

your fingers brushed along his jawline, feeling the fabric of his mask against his skin. You hesitated for a moment, your eyes locked with his, before you hooked your fingers into the edge of the mask on his cheeks.

His gaze never wavered from yours as you began to pull the mask down, revealing what lay beneath.

Your breath caught in your throat as you gently pulled down his mask, revealing the face hidden beneath.

He was stunning, far more than you had ever imagined. Your face burned with a mixture of surprise and admiration, taking in his sharp features and the smirk that now fully graced his lips.

"Like what you see, sweetheart?" he whispered, his voice low, seductive.

Your lips parted, but no words came out. The overwhelming attraction you suddenly felt, made it impossible to speak. His gaze dropped to your lips, drinking in the sight of you flushed and flustered.

Your eyes flicked between his, and then down to his lips, your hands still resting on his jaw. Your breathing became shallow, and you felt a magnetic pull you could no longer resist.

Without thinking, you leaned in, closing the gap between you and pressing your lips softly to his.

He responded in kind, letting you take the lead. A shudder ran through you as he carefully lifted you onto his lap.

Your hands tangled in his hair, tugging gently as his teeth played with your lips. His hands roamed your back, before he grabbed your hair and pulled your head back, exposing your neck. His mouth found your skin, kissing and nipping as though he was starving and you were his feast.

Your cheeks flushed with heat as he coaxed moans from your throat, his mouth working down your neck, leaving a trail of marks.

His hands moved to the front of your shirt, squeezing your breasts through the fabric. You arched into his touch, silently begging for more.

"Who would've thought you'd be such a little slut for me?"

His voice was gruff, laden with his own rising pleasure as you ground your hips against his lap.

He peeled your shirt off, exposing your breasts, and your face flushed deeper at the exposure. But any embarrassment was quickly overshadowed by the euphoria that surged through you when his mouth latched onto your nipple.

His hand teased your other breast while his mouth worked, turning you into a moaning mess. He looked up into your eyes as he gently bit down, his gaze soft.

You could feel him hard beneath you, and you moved your hips in rhythm with the movements of his mouth. He leaned you back slightly, repositioning on the couch so he could slip a hand under your hips.

You felt fear on the edges of your mind as you realized what you were doing. Your heart hammered in your chest, and the taboo of the situation only heightened your arousal.

His fingers traced along your panties, feeling the wetness that soaked the fabric. With a slow, deliberate motion, he pushed them aside and began tracing slow circles on your clit. Your soft moans filled the room, your body igniting under his touch.

You had never felt so excited, the illicit nature of your encounter only heightening your desire. A day ago, you might have died of shock at the thought of this, but now, you wanted nothing more than this.

Your breath came in erratic gasps as he slid a finger inside you, curling it to hit that sweet spot within. His eyes locked onto yours as he moved with agonizing slowness, drawing out every sound from your lips. He leaned in and kissed you again, your tongues dancing together as you reached down to stroke him through his pants.

You suddenly slipped from his lap, sinking to your knees in front of him. You fumbled with his belt, the jingle of it filling the air.

With his help, you freed him from his pants, your hand wrapping around the base of his massive cock.

You stroked him lightly, earning a soft groan from him. You kissed the tip before taking him into your mouth, swirling your tongue around as you watched his jaw clench above you.

You took him deeper, feeling him hit the back of your throat, gagging slightly before pulling back up and releasing him with a wet pop.

You repeated this a few times, savoring the way his body tensed under your ministrations. Soft moans fell from his lips before he gently pulled your back up by your hair, guiding your back onto his lap.

You stood briefly, nearly stumbling in your eagerness. He leaned forward and pulled the rest of your clothes off, his eyes dark with lust as you straddled him again. you positioned yourself over him, rubbing the tip of his cock through your folds.

His eyes met yours as he spoke,

"There's no turning back after this, sweetheart," He moaned as you teased him.

"I don't want to turn back," You whispered in a lust fueled bravado, a final confirmation from you both.

With that, you slowly sank down onto him, feeling him stretch you to the hilt. His grip on your hips tightened as your pussy took every inch of him.

Pleasure tore through you as you adjusted to the almost painful stretch before you began to move slowly.

His sharp intake of breath mirrored your own, his pleasure evident in every sound he made.

You felt dizzy with lust, each movement sending jolts of pleasure through your body.

You had never felt so alive, so electrified. You knew that what you were doing would likely destroy you later, but in the moment, you didn't care.

All you cared about was him and how unbelievably good he felt inside of you.

His hands gripped your hips, urging you to pick up the pace.

"That's it, good girl, taking my cock like that," he growled, his teeth tugging on your earlobe while his fingers threaded through your hair.

The sensation of your wet cunt wrapped around him was almost too much for him to bear.

One of his hands slid up to your throat, tightening slightly as the other steadied your hips. You gasped, your moans muffled as his grip around your throat intensified.

You braced yourself on his shoulders, riding him with increasing desperation, the sound of your arousal filling the room.

The sight of his face—flushed, eyes dark with lust—drove you to move faster, your pace eliciting a string of moans and curses from him.

"Fuck, just like that," he encouraged, his voice rough with desire.

His gaze darkened further as he suddenly flipped you onto your back on the couch.

He lifted your legs onto his shoulders, plunging his cock deep into you with a brutal pace that reminded you of his violent nature.

You watched in a daze as his muscles rippled with every thrust, his eyes sharp and predatory, a pink hue staining his cheeks as he drove you both toward release.

You could barely think, your mind consumed by the overwhelming pleasure he was drawing out of you, your moans spilling from your lips like water.

"You like that, sweetheart? You like taking my cock, little slut?" he taunted, his tone rough. You could only manage a moan in response.

"Use your words when I talk to you," he ordered, slapping your cheek lightly, just enough to make it sting.

"Y-yes, I love it..." you gasped, your pain blending deliciously with the pleasure. His lips crashed onto yours, one hand holding your throat firmly.

"Open your mouth," he demanded. Your face flushed with arousal, obeying without hesitation. He spit into your mouth, your pussy clenching tightly around his cock at the degradation. A smirk tugged at his lips.

"Dirty slut, you liked that?" His moans were coming faster now, his thrusts growing sloppier.

"Yes," You breathed, feeling the edge of your release creeping closer with every thrust. His hand moved to your clit, twisting the sensitive bud between his fingers, making you writhe beneath him.

"Yes, yes, please, just like that!" you cried out shamelessly as his lips found yours again, his tongue sweeping along your teeth before he spat into your mouth once more.

"That's right, beg for me," he growled, his voice sending shivers down your spine. You were on fire, the combination of his words, his touch, and the way he made you feel unlike anything you had ever experienced. Your body began to tense and shake, the anticipation of your orgasm pushing you to the brink, your moans escalating.

But just as you were about to tip over the edge, He abruptly pulled out, a small whine escaping your lips at the sudden loss of contact.

He flipped you onto your stomach, pushing your face into the couch before thrusting back into your wet pussy from behind. He resumed his brutal pace, his hand returning to your clit as he pounded into you.

You could barely keep your balance, your knees trembling beneath you as you clenched around his cock, filling you completely.

He stretched you so perfectly, your mind going blank with delirium. You pushed your hips back to meet his thrusts, earning a sharp tug on your hair.

He pulled you up against his chest, one hand wrapping around your throat as he choked you, the other ruthlessly working your clit.

"I'm going to cum," You breathed, your legs shaking uncontrollably.

"Good girl, that's right. Make a mess on my cock," he urged, his voice rough and commanding.

You couldn't hold back any longer, your body convulsing as your orgasm ripped through you.

His thrusts became erratic, his pace relentless until you felt him spill himself inside you. He bit down on your shoulder as he came, the pain sending another wave of pleasure through your already overwhelmed senses.

You remained like that for what felt like an eternity, your bodies still connected, your breathing ragged. Your hand found its way to his hair, and as your body began to come down from the high, you let out a breathless laugh. What was wrong with you?

He pulled out, slumping back on the couch, out of breath, a shy smile playing on his lips as he watched you.

You caught your breath, running a hand through his messy hair.

"That was... amazing," you murmured, your voice still shaky.

"Glad to be of service, sweetheart," he replied with a smirk, his eyes softening as he leaned his head back.

You stood, heading to your bedroom to grab a t-shirt and retrieve the comforter from the bed. You returned to him, draping the blanket over him.

A fleeting thought crossed your mind—of curling up next to him—but you hesitated, unsure. The insanity of this situation catching up to you.

Caught staring at him, He lifted the blanket, silently inviting you to join him. After a moment's hesitation, you slid in beside him. He draped his arm over you, pulling you closer and resting his head against yours.

You sat there, feeling confused and lost, your thoughts racing as you tried to make sense of the intimacy you were sharing. But it wasn't long before his breathing evened out, signaling that he had fallen asleep.

You finally relaxed in his embrace, your own exhaustion taking over as you drifted off, still unsure of what this encounter meant for you and what it might mean for the future.

You woke in the middle of the night, wrapped in your comforter on the couch. Only the moonlight filtered through the windows. The man was gone. You scanned the room, spotting a piece of paper on the coffee table.

Thanks for the hospitality, sweetheart.

- The Adjuster

Just as quickly as he had entered your life, he was gone.

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